Terra Paterna,

Vale!

SPIRITAN ARCHIVES
U.S.A.
C-56

By the

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DUBLIN
M. H. GILL AND SON
MDCCCCI

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SPIRITAN ARCHIVES C-56
U.S.A.

TERRA PATERNA, VALE!

BEING

A LATIN VERSE TRANSLATION

OF

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE,

AND

Other Poems,

BY THE

REV. N. J. BRENNAN, C.S.Sp., B.A

PRESIDENT OF ROCKWELL COLLEGE, C.S.Sp., CASHEL, CO. TIPPERARY, IRELAND.

PART I.

PROVINCIA AMERICANA
NOVITIATUS CLERICORUM

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1901

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To

All His Pupils and Friends,

And To

All Lovers of The Latin Muse,

These Pages

Are Affectionately Dedicated

By

THE AUTHOR.

"Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones, et precor, integra
Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem."

—Horace.

PREFACE.

The author of the present pages published in 1894 a few pieces of Latin Verse translation from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," selected from a large collection composed at different times for the benefit of his pupils.

Since the date above mentioned, he has completed the entire translation of this celebrated masterpiece of Byron.

The work thus completed is made up of four parts, each containing a Canto of the poem, together with various other Latin pieces, written at different periods, many of them dating back to the author's College days.

The prominence now given to the study of Latin Verse in the new programme of Irish Intermediate Education, has suggested the advisability of publishing at the present time this portion now about to appear.

It would, of course, be presumptuous for the writer to imagine that in such a long strain of Latin poetry, however well revised, no defects or imperfections should be found. The difficulty of the task, and the want of time for thorough revision, will, it is hoped, excuse accidental shortcomings; and the author can only feel

grateful to any kind friends who will enable him to make any improvements or to remove any blemishes,

"quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura."

He has now but to crave the kind indulgence of his readers, and to express the hope that the perusal of these pages may prove to all both interesting and enjoyable, and may encourage not a few of our Classical Students to take up earnestly the study of Latin Verse Composition.

Nunc precor ut vivant, et non ignava legentum
Otia delectent, admoneantque mei.
Non tamen illa legi poterunt patienter ab ullo,
Nesciat his summam si quis abesse manum.
Ablatum mediis opus est incudibus illud;
Defuit et scriptis ultima lima meis.
Et veniam pro laude peto; laudatus abunde,
Non fastiditus si tibi, lector, ero.

N. J. B.

ROCKWELL COLLEGE, C.S.Sp.,
CASHEL, CO. TIPPERARY, IRELAND,
August, 1901.

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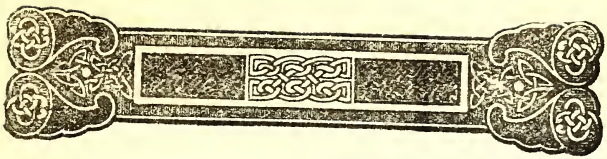
TO IANTHE.

"Young Peri of the West."

1.

Not in those climes where I have late been straying,
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless deem'd;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—
To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak?



AD"IANTHEN

"O—Quem te Memorem, Virgo?"

I.

Non his, errabam profugus quo nuper, in oris,
Credita summa diu quamvis ibi forma puellæ,
Non his, quæ cordi pandunt simulacra figuras,
Quas cor suspiret vano vel cernere somno,
Ulla tui similis vel res, vel splendet imago.
Nec qui te vidi, frustra depingere quæram
Illos, qui specie varii luxere nitores;
His mea vox tenuet, qui te non lumine cernunt,
His, qui te spectant, quid vox mea dicere possit?

2.

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

3.

Young Peri of the West!—'tis well for me
My years already doubly number thine;
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mix'd with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours decreed.

II.

Sis utinam qualis nunc es dulcissima semper,
Nec disconvenias vitæ surgentis honori;
Pectore tam calido, puro tamen; ore venusto,
Dulce carens alâ terris imitamen Amoris;
Plus sincera simul quam spe vix credat amator.
Tamque pie teneram quæ te nunc tollit alumnam,
Te videt haud dubie, dum sic splendescis in horas,
Spem sibi jucundam, venturi temporis Irim,
Cujus ab ætherio vultu fugit omnis amaror.

III.

Naïas Hesperiæ! mihi quam bene contigit, annos
Ut, quot nata vires, totidem sim tempore major;
Te quit amore carens acies immota tueri,
Tuta simul spectare tuos fulgere nitores
Crescentes; felix qui non sim flore caducos
Visurus; felixque magis, dum corda minorum
Fervidus uret amor, vitem quod pectore fatum,
Quale tui tendunt oculi mirantibus olim,
Non stimulo vacuis, omnem qui pungit amorem.

4.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why
To one so young my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

5.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:
My days once numbered, should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
Such is the most my memory may desire;
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship less require?

IV.

O tuus ille ferox tamquam vel dorcadis ardens,
Lumine nunc audax, pulchro nunc ore pudicus,
Qui remanens urit, profugus qui captat amantes,
Hanc oculus libet chartam, nec versibus illum
Deneget his risum, frustra quem pectora lætum
Suspirent, unquam possim quam dulcis amicus
Si plus esse tibi; tantum, carissima virgo,
Da, neque tu quæras juveni cur carmina mandem
Tam teneræ; jubeas nunc te sed fervidus unam
Lilia præstantem serto nitidissima jungam.

V.

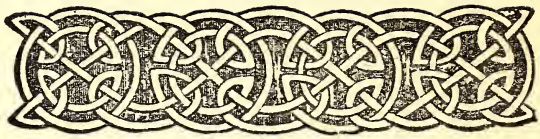
Tale tuum nostro nomen cum carmine nexum,
Quamque diu profugi chartam spectabit Orestis
Blandior hanc oculus, splendens ibi nomen Ianthes
Primum cernetur, labetur pectore summum;
Lumine cum cassus fuero, si pignus honoris
Traxerit id citharam tangas ut pollice quondam
Quæ te nostra vocat, quantum pulcherrima rerum
Tu fueris, illud summum memor æmulus optem,
Etsi plus equidem quam spes ambire valeret,
Exegisse minus numquid cor posset amicum?

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

PART I.

Terra Paterna, Vale!

PARS I.

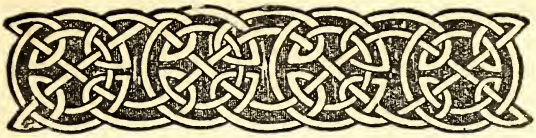


CHILDE HAROLD.

"Resolved to . . . Visit Scorching Climes Beyond the Sea."

1.

Oh, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,
Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:
Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.



FATO PROFUGUS."

"Mores Hominum Multorum Vidit et Urbes."

I.

Pieri, cujus erat Graiis cælestis origo
Credita, quam nutu formant finguntve poëtæ,
Cum persæpe lyræ turpent te nuper in orbe,
Te mea de sacro metuit lyra colle vocare;
Ast ibi sæpe tuum celebratum flumen adivi,
Suspirans deserta diu penetralia Delphis,
Quâ præter tenuem siluerunt omnia fontem;
Nec fidibus possim fessas excire Camenas,
Hunc humilem cantum, simplex ita carmen ut ornent.

2.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

3.

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day:
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

II.

Vixit in antiquâ juvenis tellure Britannâ,
Qui non virtutis studio gaudebat honesto,
Degit inhumano vitam sed sæpe tumultu,
Lætitiis aurem solitus vexare soporam
Noctis; et oh! vere tantum fuit improbus erro,
Luxuriæ, gaudî vitiis addictus iniqui;
Illius haud oculos multum terrena juvabant,
Præter scortorum cœtus, meretricis amorem,
Et bibulos proceres, bibulos de plebe sodales.

III.

Nomen Orestis erat juveni; nunc unde paratum
Nomen et illius tituli, me dicere nolim;
Sit satis ut forsan fuerint illustria famâ,
Forsan imaginibus multis clarissima quondam,
Sed nebulo fœdat nomen miser unus in ævum,
Antiquo fuerit quantumvis tempore magnum;
Nec quæ funereâ docti scrutantur in urnâ,
Floridus aut sermo, mendacia mella poëtæ,
Res ornare malas, facinus sacrare valerent.

4.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun
Disporting there like any other fly;
Nor deem'd before his little day was done
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befell;
He felt the fulness of satiety:
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

5.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.
Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste.

IV.

Solis ad ardores medii se pandit apricum,
Musca velut quævis radio colludere certans,
Nec metuit vitâ nondum ne tempore clausâ,
Frigore se miserum clades mox una feriret,
Hunc tamen, ante diu quam vix pars tertia vitæ
Deflueret, res est adversis pejor adorta;
Plena viri languens satiati tædia sensit,
Tunc fastidivit patriâ se vivere terrâ,
Sola magis tristi Cynici quæ visa cavernâ.

V.

Namque per ambages Sceleris percurrerat amplas,
Nec cum peccâsset, pænâ commissa luebat:
In multis suspiravit, sed amaverat unam,
Hei! quam dilectam potuisset ducere nunquam;
Felix illa! procum talem quæ fugerit insons,
Oscula tam castam temerâssent illius oris,
Qui mox tam dulcem vili mutâsset amore,
Virgineis ornans spoliis se forte nepotem,
Nec gustare domi pacem dignatus amœnam.

6.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
'Tis said at times the sullen tear would start,
But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee:
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

7.

The Childe departed from his father's hall:
It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seemed only not to fall,
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome! condemn'd to uses vile!
Where Superstition once had made her den
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile;
And monks might deem their time was come agen,
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

VI.

Pectore jamque fuit trepidans ægerrimus exul,
Bacchantesque suos comites vitâsse volebat,
Torvæ nonnunquam lacrimæ dicuntur obortæ,
Gutta sed ex oculo sese glaciâsse superbo;
Grassatur solus meditando tristia secum,
Decrevitque furens patriâ decedere terrâ,
Torrida trans pontum statuens invisere regna;
Deliciis potus cupiebat pæne dolorem;
Utque locum mutet, Stygias repetiverit umbras.

VII.

Aulâ diffugiens patriâ discessit Orestes;
Vasta fuit moles tecti venerabilis ingens,
Tam vetus ut tantum videretur nolle ruisse,
Alâ quâque tamen solidâ vis fulta columnis;
Pontificum sedes usu damnata probroso,
Unde Superstitio quondam sibi fecerat antrum,
Nunc modo riserunt, Paphiæ cecinere puellæ,
Pontificesque suum tempus rediisse putarent,
Si vetus est verax, rodit nec fabula sanctos.

8.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurk'd below:
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know;
For his was not that open, artless soul
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

9.

And none did love him: though to hall and bower
He gather'd revellers from far and near,
He knew them flatt'rers of the festal hour;
The heartless parasites of present cheer.
Yea! none did love him—not his lemans dear—
But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
And where these are light Eros finds a feere;
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

VIII.

Sæpe tamen lætans fureret cum plurima mente,
Fronte super miri profugo micuere dolores,
Exitialis uti cujusdam fama duelli,
Ira vel insidiis animi frustrata lateret;
Nullus at hoc novit, voluit nec forte doceri;
Non erat huic etenim simplex ita pectus apertum,
Quale vel effuso sentit solatia luctu;
Nec qui se miserans moneat conquirit amicum,
Hic quicumque dolor, quem non cohibere valebat.

IX.

Nullus amavit eum; quamquam frondentibus umbris
Commissabundos longe collegit et aulis,
Quos et adulantes festivo tempore novit,
Excordes epulis parasitos semper edaces;
Nullus amavit eum,—non vel carissima pælex;
Femina sed curat solum res atque paratus;
Hæc ubi sunt, reperit sociam levis illa Cupido:
Ut tineas fulgor, captat sic pompa puellas,
Vincit et hic Aurum, Virtus quo victa jaceret.

10.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun;
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
Before his weary pilgrimage begun:
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel
Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

11.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hand,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
And long had fed his youthful appetite;
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central line.

X.

Mater erat profugo, non huic oblita profecto,
Hic abiens quamquam fugit valedicere matri;
Et dilecta soror, sed eam non viserat ante
Quam fuga tristis erat misero jam cœpta capessi;
Si quis amicus erat, nulli valedixerat ille;
Ferrea non igitur credas huic corda fuisse;
Qui cognoveritis quid sit carissima pauca
Mentis amore coli, mæstis sentire licebit
Rumpere cor tales abitus, sanare volentes.

XI.

Ille domum, patriam, necnon patrimonia, terras,
Ridentes, quibus est solitus gaudere, puellas,
Cærulei grandes oculi, coma flava, manusque
Tam niveæ quarum Cynici venerabile nomen
Discuterent, juvenisque diu pavere palatum;
Pocula quoque mero pretioso plena fluenti,
Luxuriæ quæcumque viros addicere possent;—
Hæc, neque suspirans, liquit, transiret ut æquor,
Barbariam, terræ medium superaret et axem.

12.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, while others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

13.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good Night."

XII.

Lintea turgebant, auræ flavere secundæ,
Ceu Patriâ cuperent illum depellere Terrâ,
Saxaque rarescunt propere canentia visu,
Quæ mox vanuerant spumâ cingente marinâ;
Tunc illum forsan sese voluisse vagari
Pænituit, tacitum latuit sed mente repôstum
Consilium, prodit miseram nec ab ore querellam,
Dum plorant alii diro plangore sedentes,
Flabraque femineo gemitu secura fatigant.

XIII.

Ast ubi sol radians sese mergebat in altum,
Corripuit citharam, scivit quam tendere quondam,
Et, licet indocili cantu, pulsare sonantem,
Externas aures cum non audire putaret;
Jamque fides digito rapuit verrente canoras,
Tentat et obscurâ modulari nocte "Valeto;"
Dumque carina volat niveis rapientibus alis,
Ex oculisque brevi fugientia litora cedunt,
Ore "Vale" summum stellis sic fudit amicis:—

MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD NIGHT.

1.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
  Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
  And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
  We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
  My native Land—Good Night!

2.

A few short hours and he will rise
  To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
  But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
  Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
  My dog howls at the gate.

TERRA PATERNA, VALE!

I.

Terra Paterna, Vale!* vitrei trans marmora ponti
  Labitur ex oculis terra paterna meis:
Flamina rauca sonant, reboant in littora fluctus,
  Spumea cum strepitu nubila mergus arat.
Hunc, vespertinis qui sol se condit in undis,
  Urgemus celeri subsequimurque fugâ;
Paullum igitur valeas tu, sol pulcherrime, tuque
  Terra mihi longum destituenda, Vale!

II.

Efferet Eoo mox se redivivus ab æstu
  Phœbus, et incipiet jam novus ire dies;
Tum mare conspiciam mollesque per æthera cælos,
  Sed non materni reddita regna soli.
Stat deserta domus, patrum silet aula meorum,
  Nec vetus est solito fervidus igne focus,
Pariete quin steriles herbæ dominantur in ipso,
  Et canis occlusas ejulat ante fores.

* Adopted, with some slight alterations, from "Arundines Cami."

3

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
  Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
  Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
  Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
  More merrily along."

4

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
  I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
  Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
  A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
  But thee—and One above.

III.

"Huc, age, parve puer, venias, positoque dolore,
  Quæ sit mærendi jam tibi causa, refer;
Anne reformidas malesani turbinis iram,
  Anne times nimiis ne furat unda minis?
Pone metum, stantemque oculis i dejice guttam,
  Firma per oceanum nos cita puppis agit;
Nec qui perspicuum rapidis secat æthera pennis,
  Accipiter cursu liberiore volat."

IV.

"Sæviat ira Noti, montes volvantur aquarum,
  Me nec aquæ tumidæ nec movet ira Noti,
Ne mirere tamen curâ quod vexer, et ægri
  Quod subito luctus pectora nostra premant;
Carum nempe patrem fugiens matremque reliqui,
  Omnibus abreptis tu mihi solus ades,
Tuque,—Deusque manet,—mihi tu nunc unus amicus,
  Tu pro matre mihi, pro patre solus eris.

5

"My father bless'd me fervently,
  Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
  Till I come back again."—
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
  Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
  Mine own would not be dry."

6

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
  Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
  Or shiver at the gale?"—
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
  Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
  Will blanch a faithful cheek.

V.

"Tum mihi (nam memini) pater est bona multa precatus,
Est tamen in forti pressa querella sinu;
At graviter puerum mater lugebit ademptum,
Dum reduci passu tecta paterna petam."
"Desine, parve puer; satis est tua causa dolendi,
Non oculos fletus dedecet iste tuos.
Quippe foret si mens pariter mihi criminis expers,
Illa tuo pariter tacta dolore foret.

VI.

"Huc ades, O domini custos, fortissime miles,
Dic, age, cur tristi pallor in ore sedet?
Scilicet id metuis ne nos exterreat hostis
Gallicus? An venti verbera sæva tremis?"
"Anne putas vitæ tremulo me corde timere?
Non ita sum mollis tam timidusque mori;
At quia sola dolet conjux me conjuge rapto,
Exulat a fidis purpura missa genis.

7

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
  Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
  What answer shall she make?"—
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
  Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
  Will laugh to flee away."

8

For who would trust the seeming sighs
  Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes
  We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
  Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
  No thing that claims a tear.

VII.

"Uxor enim puerique, tui prope limina tecti,
  Litus habent vitrei, pignora cara, lacûs;
Et cum sæpe piâ poscent me voce parentem,
  Responsum pueris quod dabit illa suis?"
"Desine, causa satis luctûs, fortissime miles,
  Nec tibi non æquum sic doluisse putes;
Ille, nec invideo, doleat, cui causa dolendi,
  At mihi mens levior, lætus abire volam."

VIII.

Versutæ quis enim, quamvis suspiret, amicæ,
  Uxorisve piam crederet esse fidem?
Cæruleos novus ignis erit qui siccet ocellos;
  Ridebunt, lacrimis quæ maduere, genæ.
Me neque præteritos lusus meminisse pigebit,
  Proxima nec metuo crebra pericla fugæ.
At quia nil carum, nil post me dulce relinquo,
  Nil dignum lacrimis, hoc,—mihi crede,—dolet.

9

And now I'm in the world alone,
  Upon the wide wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
  When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
  Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
  He'd tear me where he stands.

10

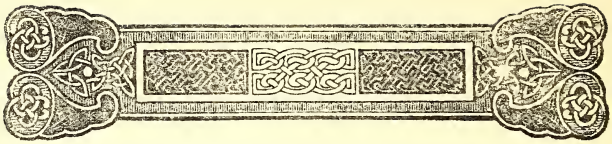
With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
  Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
  So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
  And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
  My native Land—Good Night!

IX.

Jam toto vagus orbe feror, peregrinus et exul,
  Et circumfusum trans mare solus eo;
At me cum nemo miserum suspiret amicus,
  Cur miserans alios ipse dolore gemam?
Fors ululans frustra doleat canis, altera donec
  Dextra cibum dederit, foverit alter amor.
Ante tamen multo quam tecta paterna revisam,
  In foribus priscum me laceraret herum.

X.

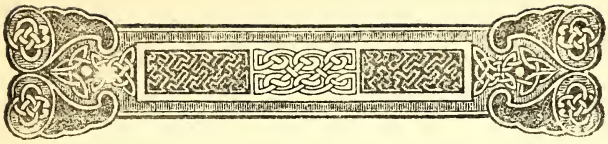
Te duce, remigio vectus, mea cymba, citato,
  Trajiciam salsi spumea regna maris;
Te duce, terrarum visam nova litora, promptus
  Quodlibet, id patrium ni sit, adire solum.
Cærulei fluctus pelagi salvete profundi;
  Cumque oculos visus deseret iste meos,
Vos, deserta, simul solæ salvete cavernæ;
  Nox properat cœlo, terra paterna, vale!



"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."

1.

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come, and secure interminable rest.



'DUM FACILES ANIMI JUVENUM."

"Virtus Est Vitium Fugere."

I.

MOLLI tu juvenis deerrans ambage rosarum,
Sponte veni, flores dum tu nitidissimus annis,
Sponte veni, summâ dum cor levitate resultat,
Lætitiæque tuo rutilat sol tramite purus;
Dulcia dum meditans, gemmas velut exserit æstas,
Jucundos generas securo pectore sensus,
Dum tua captat adhuc morienten dextra coronam,
Sponte veni, requiemque para sine fine beatam.

2.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free bouyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone.
Those who now bless thee will have gone forever;
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

3.

Come while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die,—
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from the sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray;
O touch the sceptre with a hope of heaven,
Come turn thy spirit from the world away.

II.

Mox tua purpureo marcescet flore juventus,
Libera mox animæ fugient tua gaudia lætæ,
Blanda suam condet pennam defessa voluptas,
Vermis in amplexus et amans et amicus abibunt,
Extincti fuerint qui nunc tibi vota profundunt,
Illorum dulci vultu spectante carebis,
Balsama tu quæres animi sanantia febrem,
Ut cor venturos ægrum meditabitur annos.

III.

Sponte veni, floret vitæ dum prima juventus,
Fluxa prius quam sint quæ nunc fallentia captas
Et quam blanditiæ, quîs te nunc terra coronat,
Sole cadente rubor cæli velut axe, recedant.
Umbræ vita quidem, data ni promissa fuissent,
Quæ velut æternâ succendunt luce dolorem.
O tu sceptra piâ cœli spe tange superni,
Et procul a mundo pectus diverte profano.

4.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings in thine ardent soul,
And shining brightly in the forward distance
Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal.
Home of the weary! where, in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss;
Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing,
Who would not early choose a lot like this?

—ANONYMOUS

WISDOM.

"Wisdom and Goodness to the Vile Seem Vile."

"EVERY hour is glory's hour,
To him who gathers Wisdom's flower."

IV.

Tum brevis istius casus, mala plurima, vitæ
Mente tibi fervente nihil nisi ventus et aër
Parebunt, clarâque procul fulgentia luce
Meta videbuntur cursûs patientis amœna.
Patria fessorum sedes! ubi pace quiescens
Spiritus in claro felix splendore moratur;
Illius obscurans condat licet ossa sepulchrum,
Quis non hanc cuperet mature ducere sortem?

"VIR BONUS ET SAPIENS."

"Neve Putes Alium Sapiente Bonoque Beatum."

Si quis forte tuos carpit, Sapientia, flores,
Omnibus hunc horis gloria certa manet.

PORTUGAL

"Childe Harold Wends Through Many a Pleasant Place

14.

On, on the vessels flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

LUSITANIA

"Auriferi Ripa Beata Tagi."

XIV.

Corripit oceanum puppis; jam terra refugit,
Indomitoque sinu Cantabro perfurit Eurus;
Bis bini fugere dies, nova littora quinto
Visa novâ cunctis rapiunt dulcedine mentes,
Quos, iter ut lætum faciunt, mons Cintra salutat,
Et Tagus æquoreum properans intrare profundum,
Solvere quod fingunt auri fluviale tributum;
Lusitanus init navem mox nauta magister,
Inter opima, metunt rari quæ littora, tendens.

15.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land:
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious hand:
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.

16.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

XV.

Me miserum! divina quidem mirandaque visu
Quanta Deus terræ dulci perfecerit isti!
Arbore quæ pendent omni fragrantia poma!
Trans juga prospectus quales volvuntur opimi,
Quos hominum pulchros fœdet tamen impia dextra;
Verberaque Omnipotens sua cum sævissima tollet
Hos contra, summum violant qui plurima jussum,
Tela prement triplici Gallos ardentia pœna
Raptores, diris purgabunt hostibus orbem.

XVI.

Primus ut adspectus Olisipo pandit amœnos!
Illius effigie magnum fluitante per æstum!
Quem stratum granis auri finxere poëtæ,
Ast ubi tum stabant magnâ vi mille carinæ,
Ut Lusitanis sese junxere Britanni,
Auxiliumque potens sociis hi classe tulerunt;
Gens hei! Lusitana! tumens, ignara, superba!
Qui lambunt horrentque manum, quæ fulminat ense,
Gallorum domini trucis ut defendat ab irâ.

17.

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt;
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt.

18.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
Why, nature, waste thy wonders on such men?
Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?

XVII.

Quisquis at hanc lautam gradiens intraverit urbem,
Quæ longe splendens possit cælestis haberi,
Huc illuc mæstus plateas errabit in omnes,
Inter multa quibus peregrinum lumen abhorret
Fœdis; nam pariter squalent casa sordida, turris,
Illuvie scabri cives tolluntur in atrâ,
Et neque plebeium vulgus, neque nobilis altus,
Curat habere togam tunicam vel corpore mundam,
Sospes, peste licet Nili deformis et horrens.

XVIII.

Servi tam viles! inter tam grandia nati!
His, Natura, viris tua cur miracula prodis?
En! modo comparet regio pulcherrima Cintræ,
Saltibus innexæ variis ambagibus arces;
Hei mihi! quis valeat pictor, quæ charta poëtæ,
Fingere dimidium rerum quas lumina cernunt,
Per loca pulchra magis mortali splendida visu,
Quam laudanda canit celebri quæ carmine vates,
Elysii portas trepido qui panderat orbi?

19.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

20.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of woe;"
Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo!
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

XIX.

Horrida saxa quibus dominans supereminet ædes,
Canaque quæ præceps abruptum subera velant,
Montanus rapidis muscus fulgoribus ustus,
Saltus, ubi sudant frutices sine sole, profundus,
Cæruleum placidi purum sine murmure ponti,
Quique color ramos viridantes flavus inaurat,
Spumeus in vallem saliens de rupibus amnis,
Infra lenta salix, supra vindemia pinguis,
Conspectu grandi vario splendore coruscant.

XX.

Tum superes lente sinuoso tramite callem,
Atque moraturus gradiendo sæpe revertens
De magis excelsis lustres nova amœna locorum
Rupibus, inque " Domo Dominæ Lugente " quiescas,
Relliquias parci modicas quo lumine monstrant
Pontifices, varias fabellas ore renarrant
Hospitibus; pœnas sontes hic sæpe dederunt,
Incoluitque diu specus illud Honorius, orbem
Tartara reddendo cæli spe rite merendi.

21.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved Crosses near the path:
Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife.
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.

22.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there.
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

XXI.

Utque salis rupes scandens, hic obvius illic
Multas infabre sculptas prope tramitis oram
Cerne Cruces, illas votum neu crede piorum,
Letiferæ monumenta vides hæc vindicis iræ,
Nam quocumque rudens aliquis confossus ab ictu
Sicarî miseram fudit cum sanguine vitam,
Dextra crucem putri statuit nonnulla tigillo;
Tales mille cruces lucos saltusque replêrunt
Purpureâ hâc terrâ, quâ lex non cædibus obstat.

XXII.

Aggeribus pronis, humili vel valle cubanti,
Stant turres olim reges quas sæpe colebant,
Nunc illas circum tantum flos spirat agrestis,
Ast ibi perstat adhuc splendor cultusque ruinis,
Illic surgit item pulcherrima Principis aula;
Crasse, Britannorum regni ditissime civis,
Hic quoque fixisti patriam sedesque beatas,
Nescius, ut faciat lasciva Pecunia summum,
Illecebras pacem solitam vitare benignam.

23.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure
plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow:
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

24.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend,
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his
soul.

XXIII.

Molle voluptatis vivens hic lætus agebas
Consilium, pulchro semper sub vertice montis;
At tua, ceu generi res sit maledicta virorum,
Nunc domus est tecum pariter deserta venusta,
Hic patulas late portas, hic atria sola
Vix steriles herbæ grandes patiuntur adiri;
Hæc nova sunt animis equidem documenta severis
Deliciæ quantum vanæ, quas præbeat orbis,
Tam cito demersas immiti temporis æstu.

XXIV.

En! proceres nuper quo convenere vocati,
Aula vetus! moles oculo non grata Britanno!
Larva gerens apicem stulti cognomine fictum,
Larva quidem tenuis risu sine fine cavillans,
Hic induta sedet vestitu læta papyri;
Dum lateri signum pendens atrumque volumen
Hærent, quo celebri rutilant virtute decora
Nomina; charta manu multâ conscripta renidet,
Monstrat eam ridens imo de pectore Larva.

25.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
Here folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,
And policy regain'd what arms had lost:
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquer'd host,
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast!

26.

And ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year?

XXV.

Nomine Conventûs genium dixere pusillum,
Qui magnos equites Marialvæ lusit in aulâ;
His si mens fuerat, mentis decepit acumen,
Luctu lætitiam populi mutavit inanem;
Hic apicem victoris humi dementia fudit,
Viceruntque doli rursum, quod perdidit ensis;
Talibus his ducibus florescat laurea nostris
Frustra: non victis sed væ vincentibus armis!
Cum Lusitanâ languet tellure Triumphus.

XXVI.

Cœtus et hic ex quâ convenit Martius horâ,
Nomine, Cintra, tuo tristes doluere Britanni,
Atque magistratus recitato nomine mærent,
Oraque, si possent, pudibundi sponte ruberent.
Quo pacto facinus memorabunt tale nepotes?
Nonne hostes, cives, suspendent omnia naso,
Fraudatos meritis cernent ubi laudibus illos,
A bello victis quamvis victoribus istic,
Tollit ubi multos digitum Contemptus in annos?

27.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learned to moralize,
For Meditation fix'd at times on him;
And conscious reason whisper'd to despise
His early youth, misspent in maddest whim;
But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

28.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:
Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

XXVII.

Sic modo censebat propere per culmina montis
Solus iter mæstum faciens memorabilis heros;
Dulcis erat regio; mox hinc tamen optat abire,
Plus agitans quam quæ cœlo volat acris hirundo,
Hic quamquam paullum didicit res corde movere,
Nam meditans animus nonnunquam conciit illum,
Conscia mens primam monuit taciturna juventam
Sperneret, amissam trivit quam sæva libido,
Vera sed adspiciens oculos hebet ille dolentes.

XXVIII.

Insilit acer equo; pacem regionis amicam
Linquit in æternum, cordi tam dulce levamen,
Tristibus ex animis rursum se suscitat ægrum,
Et non jam scortum, vini nec pocula quærit.
Protinus aufugit; nec adhuc est meta viarum
Certa, fugà tranquillus ubi requiescet inani,
Hic opus est multis mutatis finibus erret,
Ante labor sedare sitim quam possit eundi,
Pectora quam placet, sapiens vel calleat usu.

29.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen
And church and court did mingle their array,
And mass and revel were alternate seen;
Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween!
But here the Babylonian whore hath built
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

30.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh, that such hills upheld a free-born race!)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

XXIX.

Mafra tamen paullum nobis sit causa morandi,
Infelix Regina dolens ubi vixerat olim
Lusitanorum; commxiti regibus illic
Pontifices; epulas alternaque sacra videres;
Hic domini Saliique ruunt,—incondita turba
Scilicet,—hic turrem struxit sed Medus Osiris,
Splendet ubi rutilans adeo fulgore superbo,
Ut quas ediderit cædes oblivia celent,
Et velare nefas pompam colat orbis amantem.

XXX.

Trans plenas fructu valles, trans culmina, montes,
(O genus ingenuum tollant si culmina, montes!)
Quos tantum spectans oculus dulcedine fervet,
Per loca multa viam dulcissima flectit Orestes,
Ut putet hos tantum stultos ignavia cursus,
Mireturque viros sedem fugisse quietam,
Millia longa viæ mensum durosque labores;
Aëre montano superest oh! pura voluptas,
Vitaque, quam pinguis nequeat sperare Veternus.

31.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

32.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul:

XXXI.

Nuda magis tandem rarescunt culmina visu,
Atque minus lætæ plano magis æquore valles
Panduntur, vasti cælo dein limite campi;
Lumina quam longe spectant, sine fine patescit
Hesperiæ regnum, pastor quo curat ovile,
Aurea mercator cujus bene vellera novit;
Nunc opus upilio defendat viribus agnos,
Hostis enim sævus miseros circumdat Iberos,
Et sua quisque tegat, luctu vel serviat atro.

XXXII.

Lusitana soror quo se conjungit Iberæ,
Æmula regna putas quales discernere fines?
Reginæve prius mundi quam rure salutent
Rivales, ingente Tagus num volvitur æstu?
An juga consurgunt scopulis horrenda superbis,
Arte vel exstructæ sepes ut mœnia Serum?
Mœnia nec sepes, lati nec fluminis æquor,
Horrida saxa, jugum surgit nec montis opaci,
A Gallis scopulus qualis sejungit Iberos.

33.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

34.

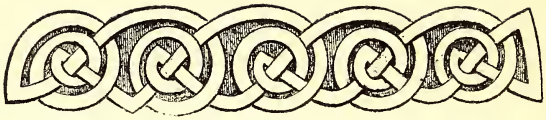
But ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd,
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest:
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress'd.

XXXIII.

Labitur ast inter fines argenteus amnis,
Vixque suo tenuis signatur nomine rivus,
Quamvis regna premant viridantes æmula ripas,
Nititur hic baculo pastor securus inerti,
Et spectat vacuus trepidantes fluminis undas,
Quæ vel adhuc hostes inter volvuntur acerbos
Pacificæ; summi ducis est nam more superbus
Rusticus, et quantum distet bene novit Iberus
A Lusitano servo, qui vilior algâ.

XXXIV.

Ante sed hos fines longe quam pone relinquas,
Ingentem provolvit Anas vim fuscus aquarum
Gurgitibus torvis, magno cum murmure vastus,
Cantibus antiquis longe celeberrimus amnis;
Illius in ripis coïerunt agmina quondam,
Loricis indutus eques, Maurusque decorus:
Hic celer abrupit cursum validique ruerunt,
Barbara mitra rubet cristæ commixta piorum
Gurgite sanguineo, fluitans quem deprimit agmen.

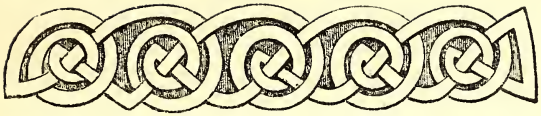


"OH! LOVELY SPAIN!"

"What Gallant War-hounds Rouse them from their Lair!"

35.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matron's wail.



LATIS AUDAX HISPANIA TERRIS."

"Bella Tonant, Totumque Quatit Discordia Mundum."

XXXV.

PULCHRA, virûm celebris nutrix, Hispania, tellus!
Nunc ubi vexillum, patrius quod gesserat heros,
Proditor ut Cavæ primus pater exciit agmen,
Sanguine quale tuos montanos imbuit amnes?
Nunc ubi sunt aquilæ, vestris quæ sæpe cruentæ
Flamine victrices fluitabant civibus olim,
Adque suos tandem fines pepulere latrones?
Crux Signum rubuit, pallet dum Luna Bicornis,
Matribus ut resonant Mauræ lugentibus oræ.

36.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust tradition's simple tongue,
When flattery sleeps with thee, and History does
thee wrong?

37.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:
In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVI.

Nonne refert cantus fabellam quisque decoram?
Hei mihi! tale viri fortis tam nobile fatum!
Cum desunt tituli, putrent præconia saxi,
Huic dubium plangens extendit rusticus ævum.
Fige tuæ sorti lumen sublime, superbe!
Adspice quam tenues abeant in carmina Magni!
Num te scripta valent clarum servare, columnæ,
Moles? An famæ fidendum simplicis ori,
Vox ubi blanda silet, scriptor dum rodit acerbus?

XXXVII.

Surgite, Cantabri! Validæ prodite catervæ!
En! Dea majorum Virtus antiqua reclamat,
Non tamen ut quondam sitientem concutit hastam,
Nec grave coccineas jactat sub sidera pennas;
Flagrantis volitat jaculi nunc horrida fumo,
Detonat illius tormenti surda fragore;
"Surgite!" quoque, "Viri," fremitu, "Consurgite!"
clamat.
Debiliorne canit, veteri quam voce canebat,
Cum clangore tubæ quateret tua littora, Bætis?

38.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

39.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

XXXVIII.

Fallor? an horrisono crepitat gravis ungula passu?
Non modo tesqua feri strepitu certaminis horrent?
Tot neque vidistis gladio fumante peremptos,
Nec, licet obruerent domini dominûmque ministri,
Vos aderatis adhuc vestris? Sublime coruscant
Ignea tela Necis; scopulis tormenta volutant
Singula centenos animas efflare silentes;
Mors en! sulfureos equitat furibunda per Austros,
Mars pede pulsat humum rutilus, populique tremiscunt.

XXXIX.

En! ubi monte super torvi stat forma Gigantis,
Sanguineos nimium rubicundi sole capillos,
Letifero dextram pilo rutilante corusci;—
Lumine comburunt oculi, quodcumque tuentur,
Volvuntur celeres, fixi modo, jamque nitore
Fulminei longo; ferratis tetra Ruina
Sub pedibus recubat, quæ res notet ordine gestas,
Hoc nam conveniunt populi tres mane potentes,
Illius uncturi quo mavult sanguine fanum.

40.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

41.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

XL.

Me miserum! Lubeat fastu spectare verendo
(Cui neque frater ibi neque sit ruiturus amicus),
Æmula permixto picturæ cingula texto,
Armaque per sudum vario fulgentia luxu.
Bellonæ quanti saliunt e sede catelli!
Prædam frendenti rictu clamore reposcunt,
Venantur cuncti, capient hei! præmia pauci!
Mercedes adimet summas exile sepulchrum,
Vixque potest lætans numerare tot agmina cædes.

XLI.

Tres coëunt acies facturæ sacra duello!
Tres linguæ precibus mirandis Numen adorant,
Trinaque cœruleo rident vexilla sereno.
"Angli! Cantabri! Galli!" sonat ore, "Triumphe!
Hostis, mactandus miles, sociusque benignus
Omnia qui pugnat, pugnet licet irrita semper,
Concurrere! domi ceu non occumbere possent,
Ut corvis, Talabriga, super tua rura vorentur,
Prataque fecundent, quîs vult se quisque potiri.

42.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools!
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

43.

Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!
Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays the theme of transient
song.

XLII.

Illic putrescent, vesanâ laude decori!
Scilicet! ornat honor glebas hæc ossa tegentes!
Vana quidem ratio! miseros ceu fracta ministros
Iustrumenta vide, quæ vel sexcena tyranni
Abjiciunt, munire viam cum cordibus audent
Humanis! Quorsum? Captent ut somnia tantum.
Numquid obire queunt domini sua regna quod optet?
Dicere num vere propriam vel cæspitis ulnam,
Quo nisi membratim demum sub pulvere tabent?

XLIII.

O Talabriga, solum præclaro nobile luctu!
Dum super æquor equum profugus calcaribus urget,
Prævideat quisquam per te cursare superbos
Tam cito sanguineis commixtos cædibus hostes?
Pax nece sopitis! Utinam præconia lapsis
Vincentum lacrimæ, bellantum serta propagent.
Dum recident aliis alii ducentibus hostes,
Ambiet hæc acies inhiantem nomine turbam,
Splendida festini tenuem per carminis Irim.

44.

Enough of battle's minions! let them play
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim,
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good,
And die, that living might have proved her shame;
Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.

PURSUIT.

"This World is all a Fleeting Show."

"THROUGH all our lives we chase a golden prize,
That flits like gossamer before us blown;
Will it avail us at the goal unknown,
When death at last has sealed our searching eyes?

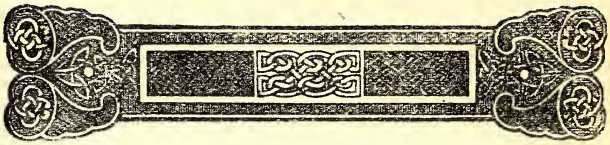
XLIV.

Linquo Marticolas! Illis hæc alea cædis
Ludatur; certent vitam pro laude pacisci,
Laude, queat cineres quæ vix animare sepultos,
Quamvis mille cadant, decoretur nomen ut unum.
Triste quidem prohibere foret tam clara petentes;
Pro Patriâ pugnant, fortes mercede, beati!
Et pereunt! probro vivi qui forte fuissent,
Seditione domi forsan sine more perempti,
Sectative feram lato minus orbe rapinam.

MERCEDEM SEQUIMUR FUGIENTEM.

"Fructu non Respondente Labori."

Aurea per totam venamur præmia vitam,
  Quæ veluti filum, quod rapit aura, volant;
Numquid ad ignotam prosint ea præmia metam,
  Quærentes oculos mors ubi claudet iners?

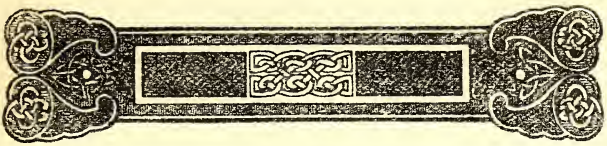


THE SPANISH MAID.

"Yet are Spain's Maids no Race of Amazons."

45.

FULL swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for prey!
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre, might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and murder cease to thrive.



HISPANA CAMILLA.

"Bellatrix Audetque Viris Concurrere Virgo."

XLV.

Carpit iter solum propere fugitivus Orestes,
Hispalis illa ferox ubi nunc invicta triumphat,
Libera regnat adhuc, spoliantis præda cupita,
Ignea mox sævus feret huc vestigia victor,
Duris atque tholos maculis fœdabit amœnos;
Heu! nulli vitanda dies! Obsistere fato,
Progeniem tristis strages ubi ponit egenam,
Frustra coneris; secus urbs Trojana maneret,
Langueret cædes, superaret et omnia virtus.

46.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds;
Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds;
Here Folly still his votaries inthrals;
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds;
Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tott'ring walls.

47.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
Blasted below the dun hot breath of War.
No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet!

XLVI.

Urbis at infestæ venturi nescia fati
Commissabundis trepidant convivia, cantus;
Lætitiæque modos consumunt tempora miros,
Vulnera nec patriæ cives hos cara cruentant,
Barbitos hic Veneris resonat, non buccina Martis,
Hic vel adhuc insana suos dementia captat;
Ambulat et juvenans oculis nocturna Libido,
Criminibus tacitis capitum circumdata mundi,
Mœnibus hæret adhuc vitium labentibus almum.

XLVII.

Non ita paganus, trepidâ qui conjuge conjux
Delituit, longeque graves non jactat ocellos,
Ne sua vasta fero cernat vineta duello,
Martis ab afflatu furvi combusta calenti.
Vesperis hei! mollis non jam sub luce secundâ
Saltantes crotalum jucundo pollice versant.
Ah! si lætitiam possent gustare tyranni
Quam perdunt, illos traheret non Gloria vinctos,
Esset homo felix, Martis tuba rauca sileret.

48.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No, as he speeds, he chants "Vivā el Rey!"
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

49.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground;
And, scathed by fire the greensward's darken'd vest
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest;
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast;
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

XLVIII.

Ut modo ludit agens tremulo vir carmine mulos,
Virtutem, studium, teneros canit acer amores,
Ut solitus quondam cursus hilarare morantes;
Pergentique sonant cita tintinnabula raptim?
Nequaquam: properans "Vivat Rex!" gutture cantat,
Et cohibet carmen, detestans voce Sinonem,
Et nequam Carolum regem, dum devovet horam
Quâ nigris oculis puerum Regina tuendo
Turpis adulterio Fraudem parit ore cruentam.

XLIX.

Illâ planitie longâ quam scabra coronant
Saxa procul, turres illas tollentia Mauras,
Ungula signat humum late diversa retusam,
Ustus et igne niger glebæ viridantis amictus
Narrat ut hospitio Bætis susceperit hostem.
Hic acies, flammæ vigiles, hic castra fuerunt,
Rusticus hic audax nidum vi ceperat anguis,
Monstrat adhuc nidum jactans se laude triumphi,
Captaque sæpe suis amissaque saxa fragosa.

50.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet.
Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true:
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
If subtle poinards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

51.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,

L.

Et cuicumque viâ gradiens occurreris artâ,
Pileolo signum fuco fert ille cruentum,
Quod moneat quem tu fugias, quem voce salutes.
Hei misero! graditur quicumque per ora virorum,
Hæc nisi vera fide tueatur tessera regni;
Hunc feriat cultri stratum celer ictus acuti;
Gallicus et graviter doleat miser hostis ademptus,
Si queat accinctus mucro sub veste dolosus
Fulmina tormenti, gladios hebetare secantes.

LI.

Quo te cumque feras, arces hic montis opacæ
Ferrea sustentant tormenti pondera saxo;
Quamque videre valent mortalia lumina longe,
Machina monte sedens, confracti semita callis,
Horrendum vallum, superanti fossa lacunâ,
Agmina fixa loco, vigilum custodia constans,
Armamenta feræ scopulis inclusa cavernæ,
Hic ornatus equus patuli sub stramine tecti,
Pyramides plumbi face cum flammante rotundi,

52.

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose nod
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;
A little moment deigneth to delay:
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;
The West must own the Scourger of the world.
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning day,
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd.

53.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart
of steel?

LII.

Grandia portendunt venientia facta; sed ille
Qui dominos nutu dejecit ab arce minores,
Substitit ante parum virgæ quam verbera tollat,
Momentoque brevi dignatur plura morari,
Mox hos illius legiones agmine verrent,
Hesperii debent terræ parere Flagello.
Ah! tibi quam mæstum veniens, Hispania, fatum,
Vultur ubi patulis volitabit Gallicus alis,
Tuque tuos plures jactos spectabis in Orcum!

LIII.

Anne necesse rui juvenes fortesque superbos,
Regnum crescat uti nocuum ducis unius uncti?
Servitii nullum tumuli discrimen et atri?
Hispani nullum casûs ortûsque Rapinæ?
Anne vel Omnipotens homines quod Numen adorant,
Hoc jubet exscidium, neque supplicis audit honores?
Summane quæ peragit Virtus sunt omnia frustra?
Consilium prudens, studium patriæque benignum,
Ferrea corda virûm, juvenum vis, militis artes?

54.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake
to tread.

55.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful
chase.

LIV.

Hâc ergo causâ virgo succenset Ibera,
Suspendit citharam salicum sub fronde retensam,
Atque viro similis sicam sibi junxit acutam,
Ausaque Martis opus cantum quoque sustulit acrem?
Illa, cicatricis species quam terruit olim,
Noctua quamque metu pavidam frigere coëgit,
Nunc ferri spectat crepitum qui dissipat agmen,
Et gladii fulgur, passu spatiata Minervæ
Quo Mars ire tremat, stratos per cæde tepentes.

LV.

Illius auditâ quisquis mirabere formâ,
Noveris oh! fervens ageret cum mollius horas,
Videris aut oculum magis et carbone nigrantem,
Audierisque levem liquidum sub fronde canorem,
Spectârisque comam, nequeat quam fingere pictor,
Aeriam speciem plus quam pro virgine pulchram,
Vix modo credideris Hispanis arcibus illam
Gorgoneum visam vultum ridere pericli,
Cædere confertos, famæ prævertere currum.

56.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?

57.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But form'd for all the witching arts of love:
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
In softness as in firmness far above
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

LVI.

Corruit hujus amans, lacrimis ea parcit ineptis;
Cæditur et princeps, cæsi subit illa periclum;
Diffugiunt socii, fœdos tenet illa volantes;
Hostis abit, turmas ducit simul illa sequentes;
Quis velut illa potest solari conjugis umbram?
Tam bene quis valeat casum ducis ense perempti
Ulcisci, grandemque viri sarcire puella
Spem falsam, Gallumque ferox urgere fugacem,
Femineâ victum dextrâ sub mœnibus ictis?

LVII.

Gentis Amazonidum non est at Ibera puella,
Nata sed ad blandas artes captantis amoris,
Æmula cum maribus quamquam sic certat in armis,
Audet et horrendâ gradiens prodire phalange,
Acta sed est tenerâ tantum feritate Columbæ,
Ore manum carpens, supra quæ pendet amanti,
Mollitie virtute simul plus inde remotis
Virginibus major, claris sermone molesto,
Pectore nobilior, pariter fortasse venusta.

58.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch:
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:
Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!
Who round the North for paler dames would seek?
How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan,
and weak!

59.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud;
Match me, ye harems of the land! where now
I strike my strain far distant, to applaud
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;
Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to
know,
There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

LVIII.

Impressæ digito Veneris formante lacunæ
Monstrant quam tactu mentum sit molle notatum;
Virginis ora, suum properant cui linquere nidum
Oscla, viros audere jubent, mereantnr ut osclum.
Mirum quam pulchre volvit sua lumina, quantum,
Fœdet ut hanc faciem, frustra sol ambiit ardens,
Levior at facies amplexu fervet amantis.
Quis magis exsangues quærat sub finibus Arcti?
Quam tenues formâ, languent quam viribus albæ!

LIX.

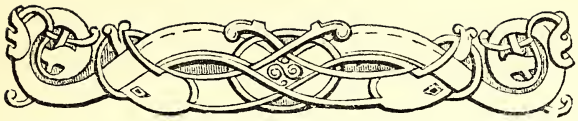
Vos, loca, quæ versu vel amant laudare poëtæ,
Vosque, puellarum penetralia gentis Eoæ,
Quâ nunc longinquus celebro testudine formas,
Quas etiam Cynici debent agnoscere pulchras,
Has, age, Nereïdes, quas vix gustare procellam
Vos sinitis, referatur amor ne vectus ab aurâ,
Hispanis acie furvâ conferte puellis;
Hic vestri cœlum sapientis scite prophetæ,
Orbe deas nigro, divinâ mente benignas.

PARNASSUS.

"Oft Have I Dreamed of Thee."

60.

Oh, thou, Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing.



"PARNASSUS GEMINO PETIT ÆTHERA COLLE."

"Me Parnassi Deserta Per Ardua Dulcis Raptat Amor."

LX.

Tu, Parnasse, pio quem nunc ego lumine lustro,
Non oculo ceu quis sopito somnia captet,
Non ceu quis scænam prospectet carmine fictam,
Sed nive contectum, superantem nubila cæli,
Majestate feri montis splendente superbum,
Quid mirum si sic cantus effundere coner?
Præteriens hospes vel humillimus ipse tuorum
Ardeat inde tuos fidibus captare sonores,
Una tuâ quamvis nunquam volet arce Camena.

61.

Oft have I dream'd of Thee! whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee.

62.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

LXI.

Sæpe tui somno memini; qui nomen honestum
Nesciat hoc, hominum vel divinissima nescit,
Jam cum te videam, pudet heu! me numina vestra
Non nisi debilibus venerari posse loquelis.
Cum repeto qui te quondam coluere poëtæ,
Membra tremo, tantum valeo procumbere supplex,
Tollere nec vocem, frustra neque grandia tento,
Sed tua suspicio nimbosa cacumina mutus,
Lætans quod certo spectem te lumine tandem.

LXII.

Nunc magis hoc felix, vates quam maximus unquam,
Cujus fata solo sortem tenuere remoto,
Num loca non animo motus sanctissima cernam,
Quæ, licet ignorent, alii cum corde volutant?
Quamvis hic antrum jam non invisat Apollo,
Tuque, domus Musis, Musis nunc triste sepulchrum,
Mitis adhuc aliquis Genius loca permeat illa,
Turbine suspirat, tacitâ silet usque cavernâ,
Et super argutam vitreo pede labitur undam.

63.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain
I turned aside to pay my homage here;
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.

64.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount, when Greece was young,
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

LXIII.

Ast de te posthâc.—Medio vel carmine cœpto
Hic devertor uti tribuam tibi gratus honorem,
Immemor Hispani pueri, vel virginis, oræ,
Ingenuo caræ cordi quoque sortis Iberæ;
Et te, non forsan sine fletu, mente saluto.
Nunc ad rem redeo. Vestrâ sed ab æde verendâ
Me sine relliquias mecum monumentaque tollam,
Vel folium Daphnes herbæ da morte carentis,
Vanam jactari neu spem patiare clientis.

LXIV.

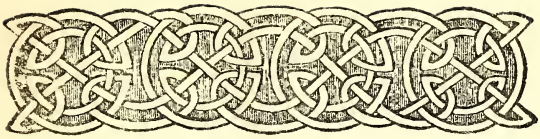
Ast tibi, mons pulcher, juvenis cum Græcia quondam,
Ingenti radice chorus non clarior unquam
Visus erat, Delphi nunquam, pæana sacerdos
Cum Pythium plus quam mortali corde sonaret,
Inspirare magis peramantia carmina dignos
Cantores videre, patet quam Bætica virgo,
Quam fovet in gremio mollis fervente Cupido;
Huic O tam placidas tellus concederet umbras,
Quam valet Hellas adhuc, fugiat cum gloria saltus!

THE SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

"On Foams the Bull."

65.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days;
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.



"CERTAMEN TAURUS CUM THYRSIDE MAGNUM."

"Haud Secus Exarsit Quam Circo Taurus Aperto."

LXV.

Hispalis ut splendet rutilans, formosa, superba!
Dives opum, longæva situ, vi robore pollens
Jactetur; celsis longe sed Gadibus orâ
Laus jucunda magis, quamvis ignobilis, hæret.
Ah! ruit ut molli, Vitium, tua calle voluptas!
Suffusus valeat puerili sanguine quisquam
Obtutu magico vestro fugisse teneri?
Hydra tuens inhias circum nos diva tuamque
Omnis ad arbitrium fingis dulcedine formam.

66.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time!
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee,
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white,
Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

67.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn;
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns;
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

LXVI.

Tempore cum cecidit Paphos,—ah! tibi, Tempus iniquum,
Omnia quæ vincit paret Regina!—Voluptas
Fugerat, at pariter calidam quæsivit arenam,
Et Venus oceani patris tam fida profundo,
Fidaque nil alii, dignans huc tendere cursum,
Mœnibus his almam fixit candentibus ædem,
Illa licet cultum templo non finiat uno,
Mille sed illius surgant altaria ritu
Dedita, Vulcano semper flammantia claro.

LXVII.

Orto mane ruens dum nox, dum nocte citatum
Mane rubet spectans bacchantes carmine, risu,
Auditur cantus, gestantur serta rosarum,
Artes festivæ, vario lascivia ludo,
Calcem calce terunt; missam facit ille quietam
Lætitiam longum, remanet qui sedibus istis;
Orgia nil dirimit, quamquam tus ardet acerrâ
Pontificum vanâ veri pro nomine cultûs,
Cum prece junctus amor, regit aut alternus in horas.

68.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest:
What hallows it upon this Christian shore?
Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:
Hark! heard you not the forest monarch's roar?
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn;
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more;
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

69.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air;
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl;
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair;
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

LXVIII.

Sabbata nunc adsunt, requie celebranda beatâ;
Illa piâ sancte cur hâc celebrantur in orâ?
En! ea sacra die veniunt sollemnia festo.
Fallor? an hic silvæ dominus fremit ore profundo?
Cuspide confractâ spumantem nare cruorem
Captat equi, captatque viri, quos cornua fundunt,
Plus et arena frequens poscit concussa fremendo,
Visceribus ruptis ululant insana corona,
Nec refugit visum, simulat nec femina luctum.

LXIX.

Septimus iste dies, homini pax, gaudia, fesso;
O bene, magna, diem novisti, Roma precandi;
Tunc opifex lautus, mundo tum corpore civis,
Aëra fauce nitens tiro nunc haurit avarâ;
Esseda, pilentum, splendente petorrita luxu,
Rheda suburbani rapitur per devia ruris;
Et properant Veios, Albam, Præneste, Bovillas,
Dum sit equus torquere rotas oblitus anhelans,
Ut joca quisque pedes rudior jacit invida promptus.

70.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
Others along the safer turnpike fly;
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why?
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
Grasped in the holy hand of Mystery,
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn.
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.

71.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!
Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,
Thy saint adorers count the rosary:
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

LXX.

Sunt qui vittatas Tiberi flavente puellas
Lintre ferant; aliique magis per tuta viarum
Strata volant; alii scandunt Capitolia, quidam
Cære petunt, multi præruptum flumine Tibur.
Anne quidem causam, Bœotæ, quæritis, umbræ?
Ut cornu valeant culpâ potare magistrâ,
Sacra velut sanctâ faciant mysteria dextrâ,
Nomine quo jurant diro vir pulchraque virgo,
Juratique bibunt, saltant, dum mane recurrat.

LXXI.

Desipiunt omnes; aliter sed luditis, altæ
Cæruleo nitidæ surgentes æquore Gades!
Hora tubæ sonitu canitur cum tertia claro,
Qui superos orant, numerant sua vota lapillis,
Multa fatigatur precibus Sanctissima Virgo,
(Hic ea sola quidem virgo,) solvantur ut illi
Criminibus totidem recitant quot vota clientes,
Tunc ad stipatum procedunt agmine circum,
Una senex, equites, juvenis, plebs, gaudia carpunt.

72.

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

73.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance;
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and lady's lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

LXXII.

Pandit in immensum spatio se circus aperto,
Millia consessu consurgunt, millia circum,
Nec tuba clara dedit sonitum semel ære canoro,
Cum loca jam sero venienti nulla supersunt,
Nobilis hic et eques, præsertim femina turba,
Femina tam pellax oculo lasciva tueri,
Vulnere sed facto, semper bene prompta mederi,
Frigida nec quemquam, Veneris feriente sagittâ,
Fastidit perimens, vates ut inepta queruntur.

LXXIII.

Linguarum siluit strepitus, niveâque superbis
Cristâ fulgentes in equis, calcaribus aureis,
Quatuor ausa parant equites bene cuspide fixâ;
Inclinant humiles, adeunt certamen ovantes;
Lauta nitet vestis, levitas exsultat equorum,
Si tamen emineant hodierno marte decori,
Turbæ clamores, adspectum virginis almum,
Optima factorum meliorum præmia tollunt,
His par atque duci, regi, stat palma laborum.

74.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

75.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

LXXIV.

Splendidus ornatu, vario trabeatus amictu,
Stat pedes in medio gnavis athleta lacertis,
Armenti dominum cupiens invadere ferro;
Non tamen ante gradu cauto quam lustret arenam,
Ne res cæca latens cursum sibi tardet iniquum;
Eminus armatus jaculo propugnat, amico
Plura vir auxilio vacuus neque posset equorum;
Hei! damnantur equi fuso vel sanguine duros
Sæpe virûm causâ nimium perferre labores!

LXXV.

Ter cecinit lituus; signum cadet ecce! duelli;
Carceribus passis inhians arrecta cupido
Plena virûm taciti miratur mœnia circi.
Prona ruit lacerans immani belua saltu,
Torva tuens, pedibus resonis dum spernit arenam,
Nec cæco rapidus motu procurrit in hostem,
Huc illuc primos infestâ fronte minaces
Dirigit assultus, iratam bestia caudam
Torquet agens, oculum patulo fulgore volutat.

76.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak
his woes.

77.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he
bears.

LXXVI.

Constitit extemplo despectans lumine fixo;
Carpe fugam, secure puer, cape viribus hastam;
Nunc tempus perimi, nunc aut his artibus uti,
Quæ vel adhuc possint cursum retinere furentem.
Jam bene quadrupedes jactu vertere ruentes;
Pronus iit spumans, at non sine vulnere taurus,
Sanguine purpureo clarus rigat ilia torrens.
Currit, vertit iter, crebro male vulnere sanus,
Tela volant, hastæ; plangens immane remugit.

LXXVII.

Rursus adest; nil tela valent, nil hasta virorum,
Nil ferus ardor equi plagâ salientis iniquâ;
Ut vir, tela viri lacerent ultricia taurum,
Tela cadunt frustra, frustra stat inutile robur,
Unus enim sonipes lacerum jacet æquore corpus,
Alter et horrendum! reserato pectore vitæ
Sanguineo fontes aperit pulmone trementes;
Vulnere letifero fractos tamen erigit armos,
Innocuum titubans dominum fert, omnia vincens.

78.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand;
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

79.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

LXXVIII.

Fractus, anhelus, atrox, effuso sanguine pugnans
Restitit in mediâ taurus furibundus arenâ,
Vulnera, tela gerens hastis hærentia fractis,
Hostibus implicitus fœdo certamine læsis.
Et nunc athletæ colludunt agmine circum,
Concutiunt rubram chlamydem, crispantque verutum,
Rumpit iterque tonans iterum per cuncta furendo;
Vana sed heu! rabies; manibus chlamys acta peritis,
Trux oculos captus,—vixit!—procumbit humi bos.

LXXIX.

Quâ spinæ cervix ingens commissa supremæ,
Letiferum jacuit defixum corpore telum.
Stat, salit, indignans turpi decumbere casu,
Declinat lente, magno clamore triumphi,
Fundit et immunis gemitu, luctamine, vitam.
Machina comparet carri decorata, superque
Congeritur truncus, species gratissima vulgo;
Quadrijugi celeres timidi, qui lora repellunt,
Vix oculo visi taurum rapuere ruentes.

80.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain,
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
What private feuds the troubled village stain!
Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,
Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
For some slight cause of wrath whence life's warm stream must flow.

81.

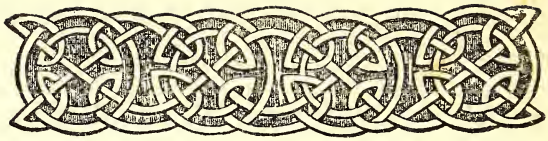
But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts,
His wither'd sentinel, Duenna sage!
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
Which the stern dotard deem'd he could encage,
Have passed to darkness with the vanish'd age.
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen
(Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),
With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-loving Queen.

LXXX.

Talis atrox ludus, teneram qui sæpe puellam
Allicit Hispanam, recreat qui sæpe colonum;
Sanguine nutritus lætatur vindicis irâ,
Pastus et exultans alieno sponte dolore.
Turbatum quoties vicum privata simultas
Polluit! una phalanx quamvis nunc debeat hostem
Pellere, sat domibus superant hei! mille modestis,
Qui cæcum fidis ictum meditentur amicis,
Ob minimam fusâ rabiem cum sanguine vitâ.

LXXXI.

Livor at aufugit; livoris claustra seræque,
Et custos rugosa sagax matrona satelles,
Omnia quæ pectus generosum respuit, odit,
Carcere quæque senex durus se claudere posse
Censuit, in tenebras abeunt cum tempore lapso.
Quis modo tam liber visus quam Bætica virgo,
(Ante suâ quam Mars Ætnæâ surgeret irâ,)
Per campum saliens innexo crine virentem,
Noctis amans sponsos nitet ut Regina choreis?

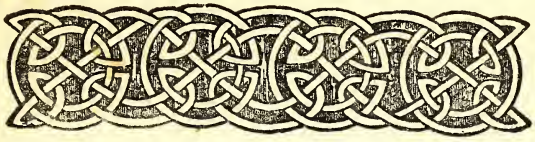


"OFT HAD HAROLD LOVED."

"But Passion Raves Itself to Rest."

82.

Oh! many a time and oft, had Harold loved,
Or dream'd he lov'd, since rapture is a dream;
But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
For not yet hath he drunk of Lethe's stream;
And lately had he learned with truth to deem
Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.



"BONÆ SUB REGNO CINARÆ."

"Magnoque Animum Labefactus Amore."

LXXXII.

Sæpe quidem Cinaram profugus dilexit Orestes;
Aut cum fictus amor tantum, se finxit amare;
Jam tamen immotum fuit huic tam mobile pectus,
Nam nondum biberat Lethæi fluminis undam,
Et nuper didicit vere censere fuisse
Nullum quam pennas gratum tam munus amoris;
Pulcher uti videatur amor, mollisque juventâ,
Fontibus e blandis gaudî manantis, amaror
Floribus injecit scatebras et triste venenum.

83.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
Though now it moved him as it moves the wise:
Not that Philosophy on such a mind
E'er deigned to bend her chastely-awful eyes:
But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies;
And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:
Pleasure's palled victim! life-abhorring gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

84.

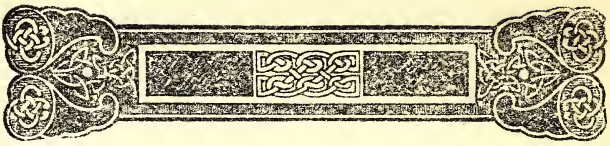
Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;
But viewed them not with misanthropic hate:
Fain would he now have joined the dance, the song;
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?
Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:
Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,
To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

LXXXIII.

Non tamen ad formam cæcus fuit ille venustam,
Etsi jam, veluti sapientes, movit et illum,
Non quod in hanc oculos talem sapientia mentem
Flectere sit castos mitis dignata verendos;
Ast amor aut sese placidum facit ipse furendo,
Aut fugit; et vitium sibi quod cavat usque sepulchra
Luxuriosa, diu mersas spes obruit illi.
Lassa voluptatis languebat victima! mæror
Mortis amans illi frontem tenebrosus aravit
Marcentem sacri fugitivâ sorte Caïni.

LXXXIV.

Attamen adspexit, turbæ non mixtus iniquæ,
Sed spectans homines animo non odit acerbo,
Nunc interfuerit choreæ cantuque libenter;
Quis ridere tamen possit, qui sorte prematur?
Nil quidquid vidit, poterat sedare dolorem;
Hujus at imperio pestis semel obstitit atræ;
Utque sedet meditans umbrâ frondente venustæ
Virginis, hunc fudit subitum de pectore cantum
Pulchræ, qualis eum mulsit cum lætior esset:—



TO INEZ.

"What Exile From Himself Can Flee?"

1.

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow;
  Alas! I cannot smile again:
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
  Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

2.

And dost thou ask what secret woe
  I bear, corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
  A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,
  Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
  And fly from all I prized the most:

AD CINARAM.

"Patriæ Quis Exul Se Quoque Fugit?"

I.

Parce supercilium nostrum ridere severum;
  Hei! nequeo risus edere rursus ego!
Di tamen hoc faciant doleas ne flebilis unquam,
  Mæstaque nequidquam forte dolore gemas.

II.

Anne rogas qualem secreto pectore luctum
  Rodentem juvenis gaudia prima feram?
Anne quidem quæres nequidquam nôsse dolorem,
  Quem vel tu nunquam deminuisse queas?

III.

Non odium, non me teneri certamen amoris,
  Non humilis mendax ambitionis honor,
Hæc odisse jubet præsentis pondera fati,
  Mittere, quæ pretio maxima rebar ego;

4.

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see:
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What Exile from himself can flee?
To zones though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake;
Oh! may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

IV.

Tædia sed rebus cunctis orientia, quales
  Occursu video sæpe vel aure bibo;
Nulla voluptatem donat mihi gratia formæ,
  Gaudia vix oculus præbet amœna tuus.

V.

Assiduusque dolor tenebris infixus amaris,
  Quod vagus Hebræus mente gerebat onus,
Qui labor haud ultra spectat lugubre sepulchrum,
  Nec requiem felix ante parare queat.

VI.

Ipse valet quis se profugus fugisse, quis exul?
  Me sequitur semper, quomodocumque vagor,
Me licet ad Zonas longe longeque remotas,
  Dira lues vitæ mens memor ipsa sui.

VII.

Blanda, videre tamen multos rapuisse, voluptas,
  Hi gustant animo cuncta relicta meo;
Blanda voluptatis capiant hos somnia semper:
  Neu semel evigilent, qualis et æger ego.

8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst? Nay, do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear;
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

MEMORY.

"Wears The Heart Away."

"MEMORY, like a drop that night and day
Falls cold and ceaseless, wears the heart away."

VIII.

Hei! fato profugus terræ loca multa pererro,
  Multaque respiciens volvor amara sacer;
Nec mihi solamen superest, nisi noscere memet,
  Quodcumque acciderit, pessima nosse diu.

IX.

Pessima sed quæ sunt hæc? Ah! jam quærere noli,
  Scrutari miserans talia parce pie;
Usque renidescens, hominis nudare medullas
  Ne tentes, Stygii visere fœda loci.

SOLLICITI PECTORIS IRA MEMOR.

"Est Mollis Flamma Medullas."

FRIGIDA perpetuo lapsu ceu gutta remordet,
  Sic animam peredit pectoris ira memor.

THE PATRIOT'S DEATH.

"The Pride of Thus Dying for Thee."

1.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

2.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

"PRO PATRIA NON TIMIDUS MORI."

"Dulce Et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori."

I.

Qui te carus amo, solum cum pone relinquam
  Mæroris, culpæ nomen inane meæ,
Dic, age, plorabis, rodent ubi crimine vitam
  Pro te devotam, Terra Paterna, meam?
Plora; meque licet damnent hei! durius hostes,
  Diluerint lacrimæ jussa maligna tuæ;
Namque Deum testor, fuerim si noxius illis,
  De te vel nimiâ me meruisse fide.

II.

Te colui primo juvenili cordis amore,
  Te cupii totâ mente vir omnis amans;
Numen ubi supplex summâ Cæleste precabor
  Voce, meo jungam nomen, amata, tuum.
O felix qui vivet amans et dulcis amicus,
  Dum videat regni tempora clara tui!
Carius ast aliud nil hoc Deus addere possit,
  Quam mihi sic pro te deperiisse decus.

AD PONTIFICEM EXIMIUM.

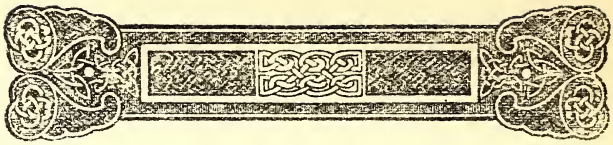
"Doctrina Sed Vim Promovet Insitam."

Optime tam vasti vario grege Pastor ovilis,*
Nos cum tantillos, minime qui tanta meremur,
Visere digneris, vultu recreare benigno,
Pectoribus teneris virtutum spargere flores,
Eloquio juvenes animos accendere sacro,
Divinæ pueris doctrinæ pandere fontes,
Quas tibi pro tanto referemus munere grates,
Quove tuas digno laudes recinemus honore?
Tu præclare Dei terris donate sacerdos,
Voce libens hortare tuos, monituque fideli
Assidue vigilans sequeris, sermone salubri
Pascis oves, necnon minimos alis impiger agnos,
Doctrinæ solidâ subigis gravitate rebelles,
Hostibus invictum gestans in pectore robur,
Omnibus exemplum præbens virtutis amœnum.

* The above address was presented in 1895 to the Most Rev. Dr. Flood, O.P., Archbishop of Port of Spain, the author being then President of St. Mary's College, Trinidad, West Indies.

Nos sumus infantes balbo vix ore diserti,
Viribus infirmi, tenues pietate supernâ,
Primaque discentes vitæ præcepta beatæ,
Mentibus invalidis inopes, virtute labantes,
Lubrica quîs lento titubant vestigia gressu.
Si tamen hæ quando poterunt extendere dextræ
Magna laborando divini munia cultûs,
Si quid moliri dabitur, quo gloria veræ
Relligionis erit summo celebrata decore,
Si quid mente bonâ, precibus, pietate, valemus,
Omnia quæ prosint discendo corde tenaci,
Lumina cœlestis doctrinæ pura sequendo,
Nos ut sancta Deo reddamus dona Supremo,
Cælicolûmque viros sontes revocemus in aulam;
Usque manu prompti, studio semperque parati,
Semper voce tuâ dociles ducemur alumni,
Grande pie virtutis opus peragemus alacres.

Dum liquido cantu resonant arbusta volucrum,
Solis et illustrant radii pulcherrima rerum,
Hæc dum terra Dei lætatur nomine Trini,
"Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt,"
Grata tui præsens animis hærebit imago,
Semper et unanimi grates referemus opimas.

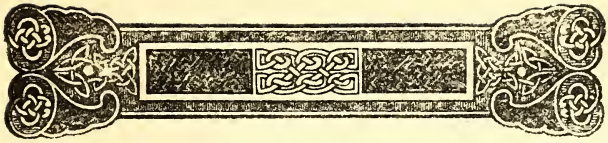


AD MAGISTRUM PRÆCLARUM.

"Multis Ille Bonis Flebilis Occidit."

Occidit ingenii præstantis laude magister *
Eximius! magno clarus honore virûm!
Doctrinæ columen, tenerâ virtute renidens,
Ille sacerdotum digna figura fuit.
Igne pio fervens, puerorum raptus amore,
Discendi cunctos gnavus amore rapit.
Mente fuit solidâ, celebri mercede laborum
Inclytus; huic palmas æmula turba tulit.
Splenduit egregio longi fulgore triumphi
Nobilis, et nullo victus ab hoste jacet.

* The Rev. J. E. Reffé, C.S.Sp., Blackrock College, Co. Dublin.



AD SMARAGDUM.

"Grandes Viridi Cum Luce Smaragd."

INSULÆ signum viridis, Smaragde,*
Sola gemmarum mihi tu placebis,
Omnibus præstas patrio colore
Pulchrior una.

Ceteri splendent oculosque cæcant,
At tuo lætos oculos virore
Non potes grato satiare, nunquam
Lumina lædens.

Immemor pallet proprii decoris
Herba, nec jam se viridem fatetur,
Cum tuâ vincas facie, Smaragde,
Gramina prati.

* The above piece was written by the author at the age of eighteen.

Cæspites campi graciles inusti
Fervido solis radio nitorem
Pristinum perdunt; ita flos Juventæ
Sæpius igni

Decidit tostus vitii; sed usque
Gemma perdurat viridis; pudico
Non secus floret maculâ carenti
Pectore virtus.

Corde nam virtus magis in modesto,
Quam virens tegmen folii recentis,
Fulget et crescit pia, cujus exstas
Dulcis imago.

Sic meo vultu radies, ut olim
Symbolum casti tulerat pudoris
Te Palæstinis adytis sacratâ
Veste Sacerdos.

Magna, quam solis jubar aut opacus
Non valet noctis vapor amovere,
Laus tui semper tremuli coloris
Juncta nitori.

Nec tamen cessas decorare quidquid
Adjacet rerum prope, mutuatum
Sponte collectos habitus viroris
Accipit omne.

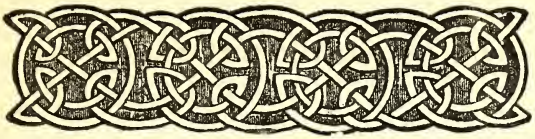
Tu spei mæstis revocas levamen,
Et dies festos meliore fato
Nuntias, natos recreans Iernes
Flore perenni.

Quin tuo visum reficis lapillo,
Luce collustrans hilari; vir in te,
Cum vices præbes speculi, figuram
Dispicit oris.

Haud secus cælo tueatur alto
Nos Deus per te, species pudoris,
Atque virtutis placeamus Illi
Luce Serenâ.

"PRIMA MALI LABES."

PURA solet mundam veluti rosa ferre coronam,
Sed tamen exiguo sparsa perire fimo;
Sic virtus vitio semel heu! contacta putrescit,
Quæ modo virgineo pulchra decore viret.



FRATER FRATRI: IN MEMORIAM.

"Vitâ Frater Amabilior."

INSIGNI periit clarus virtute sacerdos! *
  Heu! rosa tam propere morte recisa virens!
"Insula Sanctorum" genuit; transvexit in orbem
  Extremum pietas curaque sacra virûm.
Fratris amor, sociis columen, lux candida cunctis,
  Optime, debebas non cito posse mori!
Splendidus at meritis, cæli præreptus amore,
  Sprevit humum, superis dignior ille choris.

* The Rev. Patrick Brennan, C.S.Sp., who died at Ballarat, Australia, Nov. 28th, 1891, at the age of 34.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

"Keep His Memory Green In Our Souls."

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

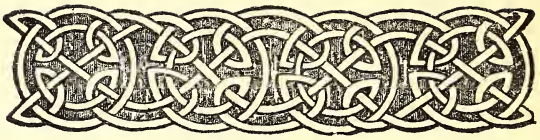
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

EXTINCTI NOMEN SILEATUR AMICI.

"Extinctus Amabitur Idem."

O SILEAS nomen, positum dormitet in umbrâ
  Quâ cubat heu! frigens nudus honore cinis;
Tristitiâ muti lacrimas sub nocte fleamus,
  Illius ut rorem flet super ossa polus.

Rore sed occiduo, quamquam flet nocte silenti,
  Ad juvenis tumulum læta virebit humus;
Sic lacrimâ, quamvis furtim stillante, virebit
  Illius in nostro corde perennis amor.



AD ILLUSTREM PONTIFICEM.

"Fortem Ac Tenacem Propositi Virum."

INCLYTE tu Præsul,* decus et munimen Iernes,
Fide gregis fidi Pastor, validissime custos,
Sacrarum columen rerum, tutelaque constans,
Juris et invicti patriæ fortissime vindex,
Indomitum semper, semper venerabile nomen,
Et simul ingenuæ vigilans patrone juventæ,
Te clamore pio decies salvere jubemus,
Atque tibi plenum grati resonamus amorem.
Magna tui longe clarescit fama laboris,
Grandis et illa tuæ longævæ gloria vitæ.
Qualis in antiquâ surgens altissima silvâ
Bracchia distendens annoso vertice quercus,

* The above was an address, presented by Rockwell College, to the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, in June, 1896, on the occasion of His Grace's laying the foundation stone of the New College Chapel, dedicated to St. Patrick.

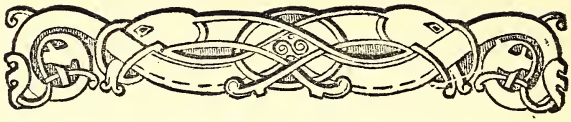
Amplectens solidâ saxum radice profundum,
Cujus et ingenti firmus compagine truncus
Et Boreæ rabiem, furias contemnit et Austri,
Tollit in immensum dominans sublime cacumen,
Innocuum tonitru, sævo non turbine motum,
Nec tremit horrendos sonitus, neque fulguris ignes,
Nobilis at semper longâ grandæva juventâ
Sustinet innumeros adolescens viribus annos,
Mole suâ stabilis, vi non mutabilis ullâ,
Sponte tuens humiles augustâ fronde myricas;
Talis eras juvenis; talis, dum præterit ætas,
Digna juventutis decorat te forma senescens.
  Te bene Relligio venerans heroa salutat,
Cujus ad Australes populos insigne tulisti,
Cujus et illustras patriis in finibus aras,
Pro quâ non dubites crudeli morte perire,
Pontifici similis, cujus tam nobile letum,—
Hujus enim causâ, quod tu nunc pascis ovile,
Occidit ille libens miserandâ sorte peremptus,—
Longinquo memorant tenero tot sæcula cultu.
Lustra sacerdotem te jam bis quinque potentem
Magnanimæ donant laudum suffimine gentes.
Eloquio cunctos terres interritus hostes,

Omnibus exemplar, socios hortaris, amicos,
Ut vitæ foveant docti præcepta beatæ,
Æternâque velint tuti mercede potiri.
Pro Patriâ duros animo gaudente labores
Ausus es et sævas patiens tolerare procellas,
Rumperet ut priscâ rigidas virtute catenas,
Servitiique jugum tandem calcaret iniquum,
Cogeret abreptas alienum reddere prædas,
Et fieret claro pollens molimine regnum,
Dives opum, nutrix hominum generosa piorum.
Nos quoque nunc præsens accendis voce benignâ,
Ut bene doctrinâ fortes, pietate virili,
Relligio servos habeat nos semper alacres,
Patria militibus nobis utatur honestis.
Hic ades ut sacri jacias fundamina templi,
Patricio veteri patrono rite dicandi,
Quod servet fidei semper documenta supernæ,
Venturisque tuum nomen transmittat alumnis.
His pro tot meritis quantas tibi jure referre
Debemus grates? Quanto fervore precari,
Te Deus ut servet semper languore carentem?
Strenuus et maneas, nullo mærore subactus,
Ingenii sano retinens in corpore florem,
Ærumnâ vacuas hilares numeraveris horas,

Et tibi quæque dies addat sine fine coronas,
Donec summa tibi dederit victoria cælum,
Et tua mirantem delectet gloria mundum.

Quibus verbis ita respondit:—

"Filioli Mei Carissimi, Gymnasii Rockwellensis Alumni.—Orationem istam quâ me nunc estis allocuti, tam concinnis verbis conceptam, tam piis erga me tamque honorificis ornatam sententiis, accipio quam libentissime. Vobis quidem quo deceret modo, et, ut vosmet ipsi, more Vergiliano, vellem me posse respondere; id olim potuissem; sed cum mihi nunc sit curæ maximæ, ut in posterum unusquisque vestrum quam optimâ quamque honestissimâ utatur fortunâ, scio vos mihi permissuros, ut paternâ voce vos sermone moneam pedestri. Religioni vestræ fideles semper manete, patriæ ne unquam defueritis, parentes quam piissime fovete, neve quidquam unquam feceritis, quod jure possit existimari Rockwellensibus alumnis indignum. Quam agendi rationem semper animo retinete, et hâc in vitâ sicut et post mortem, eximiâ semper felicitate potiemini."



LUDUNT JUVENES CAMPESTRIBUS ARMIS.

"Folle Decet Pueros Ludere."

Digna quod a Puteo solidâ de Rupe ruenti *
Nomina Gymnasium meritos et ducit honores,
Misit in eximium fortes certamen alumnos,
Pignus ut inflato ludentes folle Triumphi,
Hostibus et Pateram raperent et præmia laudis.
Hi bene prompta manu, pedibus, virtute, juventus,
Seu certare viris, follem seu ferre volantem,
Sive pedum pulsu celsam transmittere metam,
Hi pariter pleno doctrinæ fonte refecti
Magnanimes ardent rerum perdiscere formas,
Et quidquid sapiens, quidquid scripsere poëtæ.
Urbs ubi, Rura suum dederant cui Mellea nomen,
Splendet in illimis rutilanti fluminis undâ,
Prima leves ineunt duri certamina belli,
Victoresque tribus punctis rediere superbi.

* A Rockwell College Football Match, played at Clonmel, the "Vale of Honey." The above account was written to amuse and encourage the students.

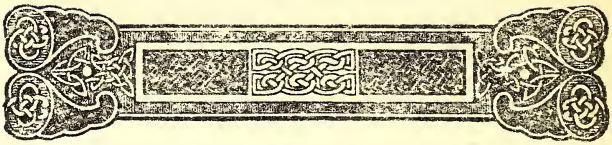
Me miserum! quanto sudârunt dura labore!
Nempe manûs vitâ teneræ juvenilibus armis
Vincendi fuerant veterani roboris hostes;
Plurimus at contra steterat si maximus Hector,
Impiger adfuerat nobis invictus Achilles,
Vi domitus nullâ, nullo superabilis astu.

Commisso properant ludo percurrere campum;
Conseruere manus, crebrum glomerantur in orbem,
Hostis uti nisu valido luctamina pellant;
Tum Bini Vigiles arrepto folle patentem
Planitiem verrunt, follem dum prensus ab hoste
Alter in alterius dextram jaculatur amicam,
Dum cadit ipse celer spissâ revolutus arenâ.
Defendunt proprios fines virtute Quaterni,
Aut inferre citi bellum conantur in hostem,
Postremusque suis infestos finibus arcet.

Multa diu rapido consumunt robora bello,
Dum volat hinc illinc dextrâ pila missa peritâ,
Dumque ruit multus plantis titubantibus heros,
Dum vario certant hilares luctamine turmæ,
Agmina dum nostri rumpunt adversa sodales,
Hostilemque furunt arcem penetrare feroces,
Post finem posito vincentes folle petitam,
Duxque super metam follem pede dirigit altam.

Tum vero plausu magno, clamore secundo,
Lætitiam nostri resonant bene voce canorâ;
Ingeminant turbæ studio mirante favorem.
Inde quies fessis; mutantur finibus hostes,
Fructibus et cuncti peregrinis corpora curant;
Mox iterum properant dubiam committere pugnam.
Incipiunt hostes, hoc plus jam Marte feroces,
Quod prius haud unquam fuerant certamine victi.
Irruit hic ergo densenti mole maniplus,
Dum sua connixi defendunt mœnia nostri;
Infesti graviter presso nunc agmine pugnant,
At bene nostra manus victrix conata repellit.
Tum male tironem, nostri vix militis unum,
Qui nimium lente follem comprendit adactum,
Projiciunt hostes, rapiunt per jugera follem,
Et manibus jactant inter se fortibus apti,
Donec in adversos nostris obstantibus arces
Incursent, inito deponant limite follem;
Felicique simul nacti conamine metam,
Cum nostris subito pugnam victoribus æquant.
Hei mihi! quam lætis implent clamoribus hostes
Silvam, planitiem, serpentem vallibus amnem!
Tum trepidant nostri; nuper vincentibus armis
Elati, jam jam dubio timuere triumpho.

Restituisse ruunt igitur sibi prœlia rursum;
Protinus hostilem propellunt agmine turbam,
Disjiciunt aciem, deludunt artibus artem,
Cedentemque loco detrudunt undique turmam;
Sæpe quidem frustra vano molimine metam
Viribus impensis raptim conantur inire;
At volucri tandem citior stridente sagittâ,
Præpetis anguis uti saltu per densa ruentum
Agmina præcipitans dextre celer emicat ardens
E nostris quidam Marcelli nomine clarus,
Hostis et indomiti penetrat munimina cursu,
Et metam posito lætans jam folle salutat.
  Tum vario plausu nostros gestire videres,
Pilea jactantes manibus sublime per auras;
Lætitiamque suis ostentant moribus omnes;
Vicerunt etenim certi, partoque triumpho
Gaudentes animis, vultu gradiuntur, ovantes,
Discedunt campo turbâ mirante secutâ,
Deinde domum repetunt plenasque sodalibus aulas,
Atque lacum, silvas, lætis clamoribus implent,
Inclyta dum grandi canitur Victoria plausu.

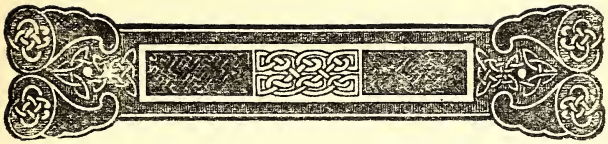


"ADIEU, FAIR CADIZ."

"And Freedom's Stranger-Tree Grow Native Of The Soil."

85.

ADIEU, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood!
When all were changing, thou alone wert true,
First to be free, and last to be subdued:
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye,
A traitor only fell beneath the feud:
Here all were noble, save Nobility!
None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry!



GADES, URBS PULCHRA, VALETO.

"Libertas Quæ Sera Tamen Respexit Inertem."

LXXXV.

Urbs O pulchra, vale longum, dulcissima, Gades!
Quis bene quam steterint tua mœnia nesciat unquam?
Omnibus aversis fueras tu sola fidelis;
Libera prima quidem, superata sed ultima bello,
Tamque fero duri fusus si Marte tumultûs
Visus erat plateas civilis tinguere sanguis,
Proditor hoc tantum cecidit confossus ab ictu;
Nobilibus fuerat demptis hic nobilis omnis,
Nec victoris amat vinclum nisi perdita Virtus.

86.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate,
They fight for freedom who were never free,
A Kingless people for a nerveless state;
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery:
Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to Liberty;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!"

87.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life:
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
War moulded there each weapon to his need—
So may he guard the sister and the wife,
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed—
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!

LXXXVI.

Tales Hesperiæ cives, mirabile fatum!
Libertatis enim causâ, gens libera nunquam,
Debilis et regni, pugnat sine rege popellus.
Bellant, cum proceres acie fugere, clientes,
Ipsis Perfidiæ servis fidissima turba,
Terram, quæ sibi nil nisi vitam donat, amantes,
Libertatis iter monstratque superbia fulgens;
Martis in arma redit Martis vir fusus in armis,
Clamat adhuc bellum, bellum sine fine cruentum.

LXXXVII.

Hesperiam qui plus, Hispanos, nôsse velitis,
Quidquid sanguineo scriptum de Marte, legatis,
Quod Vindicta valet peregrinos acris in hostes
Edere, in humanam vitam nunc editur illic:
Secretum bellum, sicam, gladiumque coruscum,
Telum quodque sibi proprios Mars fingit in usus,
Ut queat uxorem conjux servare, sororem,
Obruat ut meritâ sceleratum cæde tyrannum,
Sic mereant facinus tales atrocius hostes.

88.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
Then to the vulture let each corse remain,
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw;
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
Long mark the battlefield with hideous awe:
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

89,

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done;
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees:
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd;
Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrain'd.

LXXXVIII.

Lacrima num flentis manat tot strage caducos?
Adspice fumantis tabo nunc funera campi;
Adspice femineâ dextras nunc cæde rubentes;
Tum canibus rabidis inhumatos dede peremptos,
Vulturibus maneat furiosis omne cadaver,
Ingluvie quamvis indignum tale vorantis;
Sanguinis usque rubens labes, albentia campis
Ossa locum pugnæ signent horrore verendo;
Nobis visa queant tantum sic nôsse nepotes.

LXXXIX.

Hei! nondum facinus tetrum fatale peractum!
Namque Pyræneis legio nova confluit ardens,
Ingruit en! horror! vix est opus ordine cœptum,
Nec finem cernit lumen mortale remotam;
Hesperiam spectant gentes splendore caducæ,
Libera plus redimet, quam trux Pizarro subegit.
Mercedem miram! tulerant quæ dira Quitenses,
Otia nunc reparant Terræ pretiosa Columbi,
Regna paterna vorans dum Nex infrena vagatur.

90.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
When shall her Olive-branch be free from blight?
When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

91.

And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

XC.

Non omnis, quantum fudit Talabriga cruoris,
Omnia nec pugnæ celebris miranda Borossæ,
Non Albuera suæ gentis tam prodiga cæsæ,
Asserit Hesperiæ jus quod bene Marte petivit.
Pacis inexstinctam quando gestabit olivam?
Quando sanguineo requiescet functa labore?
Quotque dies dubii noctis mergentur in umbras,
Ante latro prædâ Gallus quam cedat abactus,
Indigena et crescat Libertas, extera proles?

XCI.

Teque,—meo vani quoniam de corde dolores
Erumpunt, mixtique ruunt in carmen,—amice,
Si modo cum magnis stravisset ferreus ensis,
Posset amicitiæ fastus cohibere querellam.
Ast te sic lauru viduum procumbere frustra,
Omnibus oblitum, solo nisi pectore fido,
Grandibus et cæsis addi non cæde cruentum,
Gloria tot cristas humiles dum laude coronat!
Quid tu fecisti, cur sic mergare quietus?

92.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

93.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage:
Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.
Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so:
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld
In other lands, where he was doom'd to go;
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands
were quell'd.

XCII.

Primâ note mihi, trutinâ lectissime summâ,
Grate meo cordi, quo nil tam dulce relictum!
Perditus ut vacuis spe sis mihi, care, diebus,
Ne mihi per somnos hic te spectare recusa.
Maneque clam duri surgens ad munia luctûs
Conscia mens lacrimam tristis renovabit amaram,
Incubet ut meditans urnæ sine cæde silentis,
Dum meus hinc fragilis redeat cinis, unde creatur,
Compositusque cubet fletus cum flente quietus.

XCIII.

Hactenus hoc uno canitur fuga tristis Orestis
Carmine; de profugo qui plus hoc nôsse velitis,
Nonnil possitis chartâ reperire futurâ,
Huic, qui nunc cantat, si plus scripsisse licebit.
Hoc nimis est? Critice, ah! ne dic nimis esse, severe;
Dura; mox nosces aliis quæ vidit in oris,
Quo fuit in fatis illi peragrare vagando,
Oris, quæ retinent ævi monumenta vetusti,
Hellada Barbaries cum non læsisset et artes.

THE TEAR.

"The Test of Affection's A Tear."

1.

When Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
When truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a Tear.

2.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimmed for a time with a Tear.

3.

Mild Charity's glow to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

"EFFUSÆQUE GENIS LACRIMÆ."

"Debitâ Sparges Lacrimâ Favillam Vatis Amici."

I.

Cum cor Amicitiâ tenero vel flagrat Amore,
Debet et adspectu vera patere fides,
Ora queunt risu vel nos captare lacunâ,
Mutuus at Lacrimâ teste probatur amor.

II.

Sæpius heu! risus dolus est simulantis amorem,
Qui tegat aut odium aut dolus arte metum;
Mi placeat mollis gemitus, dum pectora lumen
Quod prodit, Lacrimâ dulce parumper hebet.

III.

Flamma calens Pietas, nobis mortalibus ægris,
Barbariæ puros indicat alma sinus;
Hæc ubi sentitur virtus, Clementia mollit,
Illius et Lacrimâ ros tener ore fluit.

4.

The man doomed to sail, with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

5.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

6.

If with high-sounding pride he returns to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimsoned spear,
All his toils are repaid, when embracing the maid,
From her eye-lid he kisses the Tear.

7.

Sweet scene of my youth! Seat of Friendship and Truth,
Where love chased each fast fleeting year,
Loth to leave thee, I mourned, for a last look I turned,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

IV.

Turbine damnatus furibundæ nauta procellæ
  Oceani trepidam fluctibus ire viam,
Æquora dum spectat, subitum sibi forte sepulchrum,
  Infusâ Lacrimâ cærula pura micant.

V.

Miles adire necem vanis pro frondibus audet,
  Dum rapitur cursu, Gloria pulchra, tuo;
Ast acie stratum fœdâ celer erigit hostem,
  Et vulnus Lacrimâ flebilis omne rigat.

VI.

Si redit ad sponsam sublimi fronte superbus,
  Cum semel hasta fero rubra cruore jacet;
Præmia militiæ tulerit, cum, virgine pressâ,
  Ex oculo Lacrimam fervidus ore legit.

VII.

Dulce mihi puero fidei, pietatis, asylum!
  Quo fugitiva pius tempora trusit amor,
Discedens ægre dolui, visuque supremo
  Vix tua præ Lacrimâ pinna videnda fuit.

8.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart,
  This hope to my breast is most near;
If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
  May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

9.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,
  And my corse shall recline on its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,
  Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

10.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe,
  Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name;
  All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.

—Byron.

End of Part I.

VIII.

Ante, mei, quam vos linquam, lux cordis, amici,
  Spes est hæc cordi summa fovenda meo;
Hic rursum convenerimus si rure beato,
  Ut fuga nos Lacrimâ, sic reditusque juvet.

IX.

Noctis ubi tractus animæ petet umbra volatu,
  Dum riget in feretro corpus inerme suo,
Ibitis ut præter tumulum quo pulvere solvar,
  Oh! cineres Lacrimæ spargite rore meos!

X.

Nulla mihi luctûs splendorem marmora donent,
  Quæ tollunt vani, turba pusilla, viri;
Fictaque nulla meum decorabit gloria nomen,
  Nam solum Lacrimam munus inane volo.

FINIS I. PARTIS.

HOLY GHOST FATHERS'
SCHOLASTICATE
FERNDALE, CONN.